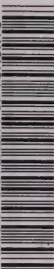


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SONGS FOR CHILDREN

BY
FRANZ ABT.

M
1998
A27
op. 520



SONGS FOR CHILDREN

Translated from the German by

FRANZ A. B. T.

Proposed by

FRANZ A. B. T.

1850 A. D.

Contents

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| Nº 1. SWEET SPRING | 9. THE BIRD SONG |
| 2. UNDER THE TREE | 10. THE BIRD SONG |
| 3. THE FLOWER SONG | 11. THE BIRD SONG |
| 4. THE BIRD SONG | 12. THE BIRD SONG |
| 5. THE BIRD SONG | 13. THE BIRD SONG |
| 6. THE BIRD SONG | 14. THE BIRD SONG |
| 7. THE BIRD SONG | 15. THE BIRD SONG |
| 8. THE BIRD SONG | 16. THE BIRD SONG |

London

DOWN, HANOVER SQUARE.



SONGS FOR CHILDREN

Translated from the German by

S. A. H.

Composed by

FRANZ ABT.

(OPs 517 & 520.)

Contents.

Nº 1 SWEET SPRING IS NEAR	9 OH LOVELY MAY
2 UNDER THE TREE	10 BIRDIE IN THE CRADLE
3 THE FLOWER AND THE BROOK	11 THE WAVES
4 THE POSTILLION	12 SUNDAY MORNING
5 THE SMITH	13 THE BRIGHT WAVES ARE DANCING
6 THE WANDERERS	14 DAME BABBLE
7 THE MILL	15 ANGEL'S GREETING
8 EVENING SONG	16 LAUGH, SING, JUMP!

London.

EDWIN ASHDOWN, HANOVER SQUARE.

M
1998
A27
Op. 520



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SWEET SPRING IS NEAR.

FRANZ ABT. OP. 520. NO. 1

Joyfully.

VOICE. *p* Sweet Spring is near, sweet Spring is near, All *f* gloom he'll quick-ly

PIANO. *p* *f*

mf ban - ish, Each leaf - less tree he'll rich - ly clad, And

mf flowers shall bloom, and birds be glad, And win - ter drear shall

Gres *f* ³

van - - ish, And win - - ter drear shall van - - ish! Sweet

f

Spring.... is near,... Sweet Spring... is near!.... Sweet

f

Spring!... Sweet Spring!.....

p *f* *mf*

mf *f* *sf* *mf*

2. Sweet Spring is near, sweet spring is near! Re - stor'd he bring - eth
 3. Sweet Spring is near, sweet spring is near! The joy - ous lark's now

hi - - ther All things with - in his ge - - nial clasp, Which
 sing - - ing Of new - born spring, and earth so fair, In

win - ter's cruel and i - cy grasp, So ruth - less - ly did
 rapt'rous praise he soars the air, His bright course heav'n - ward

Gres *f* 5

wi - - ther, So ruth - less - ly did wi - - ther. } Sweet
 wing - - ing, His bright course heav'n - ward wing - - ing. }

Spring is near, Sweet Spring is near, . . . Sweet

Spring! . . . Sweet Spring!

p *f* *mf*

mf *f* *sf* *mf*

UNDER THE TREE.

FRANZ ABT. OP. 520. N^o 2.

Peacefully.

VOICE.

Soft.....ly, soft.....ly

PIANO

rus - tle the leaves ev-'ry - where, Sweet - ly sing - ing

lul...la...by, Now gen - tly wav - ing here, now there..,

Soft.....ly, soft.....ly rus...tle the leaves ev_'ry-

The first system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are "Soft.....ly, soft.....ly rus...tle the leaves ev_'ry-". The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. It features flowing sixteenth-note patterns in the right hand and more static accompaniment in the left hand.

- where, Soft.....ly, soft.....ly

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "- where, Soft.....ly, soft.....ly". The piano accompaniment continues with similar flowing patterns. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano) and *deces.* (decrescendo).

rus...tle the leaves ev_'ry- where.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "rus...tle the leaves ev_'ry- where.". The piano accompaniment features a *dim:* (diminuendo) marking. The system ends with a double bar line.

The fourth system of the musical score, which appears to be a continuation of the piano accompaniment from the previous system. It includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *dim:* (diminuendo). The system concludes with a double bar line.

2. Soft.....ly, soft.....ly buzz - ing a - bout are the
 3. Soft.....ly, soft.....ly rip - ples the brook o'er the

bees, And their drow - sy songs they're ming - ling
 stones, And, half dream - ing, I still hear sweet

with the mu - sic of the trees.. Soft.....ly,
 rip - pling, buzz - ing, rust - ling tones.. Soft.....ly,

soft.....ly buzz - ing a - bout are the bees,
soft.....ly rip - ples the brook o'er the stones,

p decres: Soft.....ly, soft.....ly buzz - ing a - bout are the bees.
pp dim: Soft.....ly, soft.....ly rip - ples the brook o'er the stones.

p *dim:*

THE FLOWER AND THE BROOK.

FRANZ ABT. OP. 520. N^o 3.*Moderately quick.*

VOICE.

1. A flow - 'ret on the
brook - let whis - per'd

PIANO

brook-side grew, And wist - ful - ly did gaze..... Up -
soft and low, "My child, this can - not be, Far

- on the brook - let as he rock'd The sun - shine's gold - en
in the bu - sy world I haste, Thou can'st not come with

mf *Poco rit.*

rays;..... The flow - 'ret cried "Take me, I pray, And
me:..... How glad - ly would I with thee stay, From

f

bear me on thy breast a-way, And bear me on thy breast a-way?"
this bright vale ne'er more to stray, From this bright vale ne'er more to stray."

mf *1st* *2nd*

2. The

3. "A - dieu! then love - ly flow - 'ret mine, Re - ceive my last em -
 4. The flow - 'ret could not say one word, But hung her gen - tle
 5. And dost thou ask how I could know What brook and flow - ret

- brace; Thou must in sol - i - tude re - man, While
 head, Still watch - ing with re - gret the brook As
 say? The brook did mur - mur it to me, As

I flow on a - - pace My rest - - less course I
 on his course he sped And as the night-winds
 on his bank I lay And still his voice no

Poco rit.

must com-plete, A - dieu! sweet flow'r, no more we meet, A -
 past her sigh'd, Then si - lent - ly she droop'd and died, Then
 si - lence knows, He sings of love wher - e'er he goes, He

Poco rit.

- dieu! sweet flow'r, no more we meet?
 si - lent - ly she droop'd and died.
 sings of love wher - e'er he goes.

*After last verse.**dim:**p*

THE POSTILLION.

FRANZ ABT. OP. 520. N^o 4.*Lively.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

1. Sir Pos_til_lion, Sir Postil_lion, and whi_ther now a _ way? He
 2. I would I were a Postil_lion, with whip and mer_ry horn, In

sf

sits up _ on his box so high, and looks quite fresh and gay. The
 hat so smart, and boots with spurs, my _ self I would a _ dorn. And

*mf**f*

hor-ses brisk-ly trot a-long, and "crack" the long whip goes, While
with my hor-ses I would drive a-bout the live-long day, And

mf

on the fragrant morning air the horn so clearly flows. Tra ra, tra
on my mer-ry horn so loud, the sweet-est tune I'd play. Tra ra, tra

f

ra, the horn so clearly flows, Tra ra, tra ra,.... the
ra, the sweet-est tune I'd play, Tra ra, tra ra,.... the

horn so clearly flows.
sweetest tune I'd play.

THE SMITH.

FRANZ ABT. OP. 520 N^o 5.*Well marked and moderately quick.*

VOICE.

1. Who is that dark and swarthy man Who
 2. A - long the road a horseman comes And

PIANO.

mf staccato.

there the hammer swings, So loudly hammering all the day, That
 springing from his seat, "Sir Smith," says he, "forge now for me, And

far and near it rings? That is the Smith whose grip so tight The
 just be quick and neat, A strong new shoe with out de - lay, Forge

hammer wields, his fire burns bright, It roars and glows, and spurts and
for my pret-ty Rosslein pray, you fel-lows, go, the bel-lows

throws, Oh! tis a pret-ty sight! Oh! tis a pret-ty sight! It
blow, Now hear ye what I say? Now hear ye what I say? You

roars and glows, and spurts and throws, Oh! tis a pret-ty sight! Oh!
fel-lows go, the bel-lows blow, Now hear ye what I say? Now

tis a pret-ty sight.
hear ye what I say?"

molto cres.

3. The smith he strokes his long dark beard, And
 4. The shoe is done, up - on his steed The

says it shall be so, His comrade to the bel-lows runs, And
 horseman leaps once more, "Take this, sir smith," says he, and throws A

lus - ti - ly doth blow. The smith he holds the hammer tight, The
 bright crown on the floor! And gal - lops quick - ly off; the smith As -

an - vil, rings, the fire burns bright, It roars and glows, and
 - ton - ishd lifts his cap and cries, "Thanks, thanks, sir knight, for

spurts and throws, Oh! 'tis a pret - ty sight! Oh!
sil - ver bright?' And chuck - les o'er his prize, And

'tis a pret - ty sight! It roars and glows, and spurts and
chuckles o'er his prize. "Thanks, thanks, Sir knight, for sil - ver

throws, Oh! 'tis a pret - ty sight! Oh! 'tis a pret - ty
bright?' And chuckles o'er his prize, And chuck - les o'er his

sight!
prize.

THE WANDERERS.

FRANZ ABT. OP. 520. N^o 6.

Moderato.

VOICE. *f*

A knap-sack on our shoulders, A stout stick in our hand, 'Tis

PIANO. *f*

thus we merry fel-lows Go trav'ling o'er the land. We rove thro' fields and

fp

green-wood, And o'er the verdant plain, And sing while mock-ing

fp

e-choesJoin in our joy-ous strain, And sing while mock-ing e-choesJoin

in our joy-ous strain. *mf* Tra la la la la la la la la *Gres:*

la la la la la la la tra la la la la la la la la.

f

2. In woods so cool and sha - dy, The green turf for our seat, Is
 3. 'Tis on - ly slug-gards sit a - bout, Mop - ing all their lives, Them -

f

where we love to rest, While our simple meals we eat. Our knapsack soon is
 - selves of life's best pleasures, Their la - zi - ness de - prives. O'er this fair world to

fp

fp

emp - ty, We noth - ing have to spare, Yet on - ward still we
 wan - der, That is our great de - light, Sing out then, com - rades,

tra-vel, with- out a thought or care, Yet onward still we tra-vel, with-
gai- ly, a song with all your might, Sing out, then, com-rades, gai- ly, a

- out a thought or care. } Tra la la la la la la la la la la
song with all your might. }

la la la la la la la tra la la la la la la la la la.

THE MILL.

FRANZ ABT. OP. 520. N^o 7.

VOICE. *Moderately quick.* *mf* *8.*

1. There stands a mill in the
2. He pours in the grain, and the

PIANO *p staccato.* *8.*

mea-dow ground, The wheels are al-ways turning round, a-round, a-
mill stones must Then grind it to powder as fine as dust, a-round, a-

f

- round, a-round, a-round, a-round, It clicks, and it clacks, and
- round, a-round, a-round, a-round, The best friend to, the

ff *mf*

does not cease, The mil-ler has no rest nor peace, It clicks and it clacks, and
mil-ler so dear, It is the brook-let bright and clear, The best friend to the

does not cease, The mil - - ler, the mil-ler, he has no rest nor
mil-ler so dear, The brook - - let, the brooklet, 'tis the brooklet bright and

peace.
clear.

mf

3. The brooklet must flow on night and day, And e - ver a - round the
4. The mil - ler may tire of his work in - deed, But the brooklet slack - ens

f *ff*

wheel must play, A - - round, a - - round, a - -
not it's speed, A - - round, a - - round, a - -

mf

- round, a - round, a - round. And if the brook should
- round, a - round, a - round. But still turns the wheel a - -

cease to flow, Then ne - ver more the mill would go, And
- round and a - round, In yon - der plea - sant mea - dow ground, But

if the brook should cease to flow, The mill, the
still turns the wheel a - round and around, In yonder, in

mill... then ne - ver more would go.
yon - der, in yon - der mea - dow ground.

EVENING SONG.

FOR 1 OR 2 VOICES AD. LIB:

FRANZ ABT. OP. 520. N^o 8.

Moderato. *p* *S.*

VOICE.

1. The ev - 'ning soft - ly is steal - ing, The
2. In pur - ple glo - - ry glow - ing The

PIANO.

p legato.

Gres:

sha - dows grow dark and long, ... The bells have ceased their
sun now sinks.... to rest, ... The moon her soft light

Gres:

peal - - ing, The bells have ceased their peal - ing, Each
throw - ing, The moon her soft light throw - ing, While

p

bird has hush'd its song, ... Each bird, ... each
stars the hea - vens crest, ... And stars, ... and

mf *p*

Poco rall.

bird, ... each bird has hush'd its song, ...
stars, ... bright stars the hea - vens crest, ...

p *>*

mf

3. The dis - - tant clocks tell sweet - - ly How
 4. And now sweet sleep comes o'er us, Night

p

quick - ly time doth fly, ... And pi - - ous thoughts so
 spreads her sa - - ble pall; ... Still God a - - bove cares

Gres:

Gres:

meet - ly, And pi - - ous thoughts so meet - ly, Are
 for us, Still God a - - bove cares for us, And

p

p

rais'd to Him on High, ... are rais'd, ... are
watch - es o - - ver all, He watch - - es, He

mf *p*

Poco rall.

rais'd, .. are rais'd to Him on High....
watch - es, He watch - es o - - ver all.

p *>*

mf

SONGS FOR CHILDREN.



COMPOSED BY
FRANZ ABT.

BOUND IN CLOTH 4/
IN PAPER COVER . 2/6

OH! LOVELY MAY.

FRANZ ABT. OP. 517. N^o 1.

Moderato. *mf*

VOICE. *p*

1. Sweet Na-ture, all dazzling with beau- - ty, has
ze-phyr is dimpling the brook - - let, and

PIANO

don'd her bright robes so gay,----- The sun in full glo - ry now
rustling the young leaves all day,----- He wooes ev-'ry flow'ret that

hast - - ens, to wel - come back love - - ly May.----- She
blos - - soms, and steals the sweet breath of the May.----- The

animato.

33

scatters around buds and songsters are merri - ly blos - soms, with leaves of the tender - est green, The
sing - ing, of peace and contentment they tell, For

Gres

trace of her lav - ish boun - ty is ev - e - ry - where to be seen, The
beauty and joy are u - ni - ted, and who would not yield to their spell? For

Gres

trace of her lav - ish boun - ty is ev - e - ry - where to be seen.
beauty and joy are u - ni - ted, and who would not yield to their spell?

mf

1st *2nd*

2. Soft

BIRDIE IN THE CRADLE.

FRANZ ABT. OP. 517. N^o 2.*Peacefully.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

dim

1. In the tall boughs on the tree-top, there's a nest so snug and
 2. And the wind blows through the branches, rocks the cradle to and

p

warm, In it lies a lit - tle bir - die, safe in
 fro, Hap - py Bir - die! chirp - ing, chirp - ing, dan - ger

sun - shine, safe in storm, In it lies a lit - tle
 Bir - die can - not know, Hap - py Bir - die! chirp - ing,

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The vocal line begins with a half note 'sun', followed by eighth notes 'shine, safe in storm,'. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

Bir - die, safe in sun - shine, safe in storm.
 chirp - ing, dan - ger Bir - die can - not know.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with 'Bir - die, safe in sun - shine, safe in storm.' followed by 'chirp - ing, dan - ger Bir - die can - not know.' on the next line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line is mostly empty, with a final half note on the staff. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern in the right hand, ending with a double bar line.

3. See! the bright leaves hang in clus - ters, cur - tains
 4. At eve Bir - die's gen - tle mo - ther, hov - ers

these for Bir - die are, And they guard him while he's
 o'er the co - sy nest, Warb - ling, sing - ing, oh, so

sleep - ing, when his pa - rents are a - far, And they
 sweet - ly! till her lov'd one is at rest, Warb - ling,

guard him while he's sleep - ing, when his
sing - ing, oh, so sweet - ly! till her

rall.

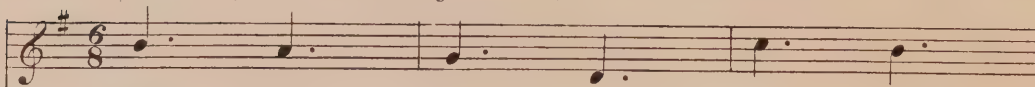
pa - - rents are a - - far.
lov'd one is at rest.

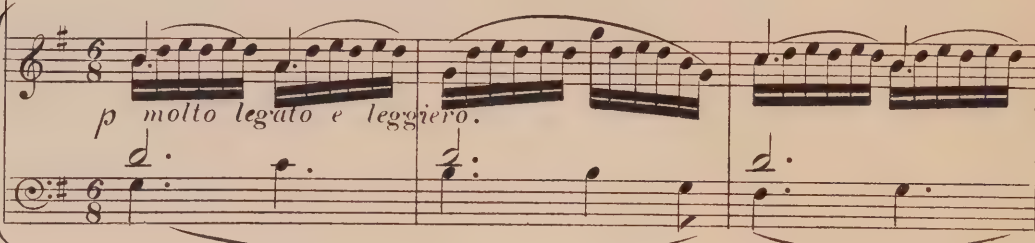
rall.


rall.

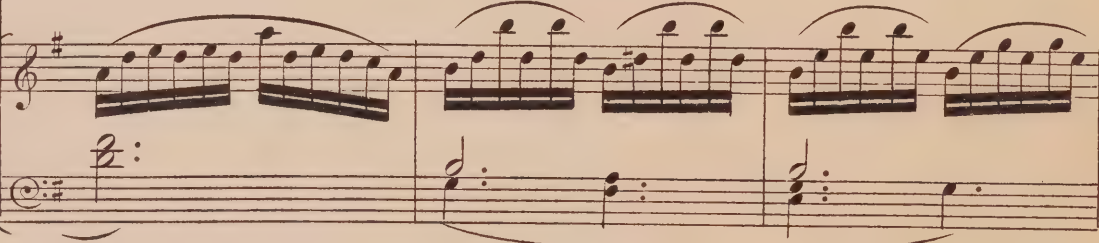
THE WAVES.

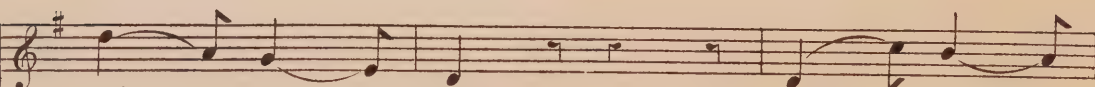
FRANZ ABT. OP. 517. N^o 3.*In a smooth and lively manner.*

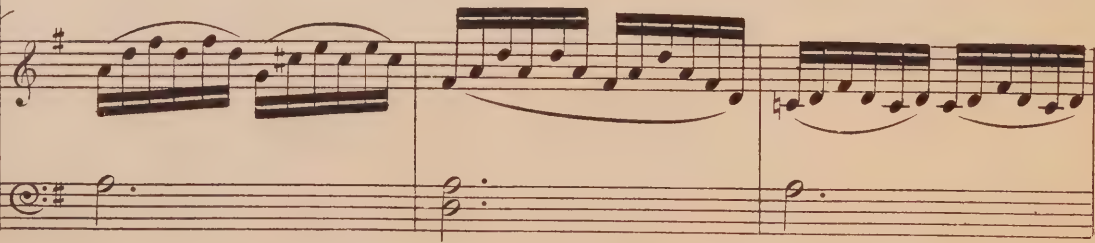
VOICE. 
Mur.....m'ring brook.....let, as thou

PIANO. 
p molto legato e leggiero.


wind.....est, Down the hill and




o'er..... the..... lea, Till..... at.....



last thy rest... thou... find... est.

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in G major, with lyrics "last thy rest... thou... find... est." The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with a continuous eighth-note pattern and a left hand with a simple harmonic accompaniment.

In the great,..... the won...drous sea,

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "In the great,..... the won...drous sea,". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

In the great,..... the won...drous sea.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes the phrase with the lyrics "In the great,..... the won...drous sea." The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

mf *pp*

The fourth system of the musical score. The piano accompaniment features a dynamic change from *mf* (mezzo-forte) to *pp* (pianissimo). The vocal line is not present in this system.

2. What a les- son thou art
 3. And thy waves in quick pro-

teach - ing, In thy jour - ney
 - ces - sion, On - ward roll - ing,

to the sea; We, like
 are not they Like the

thee, our goal are reach ing,
bright hours' fleet suc ces sion?

The un known E ter ni ty,
And their pro gress who shall stay?

The un known E ter ni ty.
And their pro gress who shall stay?

mf *pp*

SUNDAY MORNING.

FRANZ ABT. OP. 517. N^o 4.*Moderato.*

VOICE.

1. Morn hath woke the world a - gain,
 2. Not a - no - ther sound is heard,

PIANO

mf

Ro - sy fresh - ness fills the air, But from la - bor
 Save the mur - m'ring of the rill, And the song of

we re - frain, For this is a day of prayer.
 some sweet bird, All a - round is calm and still.

mf

And the church bells seem to say-----, Sun - day, Sun - day,
While the church bells seem to say-----, Sun - day, Sun - day,

mf

Cres *dim*

ho - ly day!.. And the church bells seem to say, Sun - day, Sun - day,
ho - ly day!.. While the church bells seem to say, Sun - day, Sun - day,

Cres *dim*

ho - ly day!
ho - ly day!

1st *2nd*

THE BRIGHT WAVES ARE DANCING.

FRANZ ABT. OP. 517. N^o 5.*Lively.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. The bright waves are dancing, the

bright waves are dancing, The white foam is leap - ing so

high, so high, The branches are wa - ving, the

branch-es are wav-ing, So grace-ful - ly nodding's the

beau-ti - ful rye, So grace-ful - ly nodding's the

beau-ti - ful rye.

mf

2. The clouds they are rov - ing, the
3. For no - - thing is i - - dle, for

mf *p*

clouds they are rov - ing, And o'er the sun's bright face they
no - thing is i - dle, To - geth - er then let us run,

race, they race. The leaves that have fall - en, the
jump, and sing. Thro' green woods and mea - dows, through

leaves that have fal - len, So mer - ri - ly af - ter each
green woods and mea - dows, We'll rove while our voi - ces so

o - - ther do chase, So mer - ri - ly af - ter each
loud - ly shall ring, We'll rove while our voi - ces so

o - - ther do chase.
loud - ly shall ring.

DAME BABBLE.

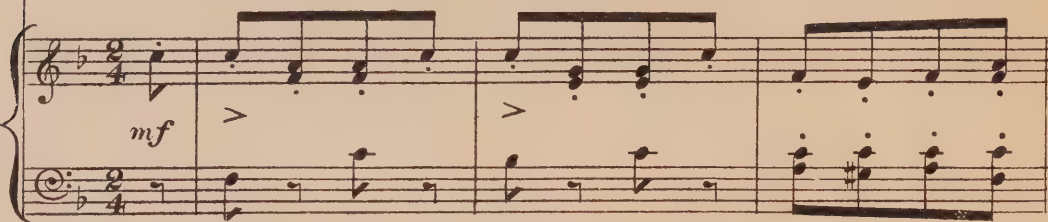
FRANZ ABT. OP. 517. N^o 6.*Quickly.*

VOICE.

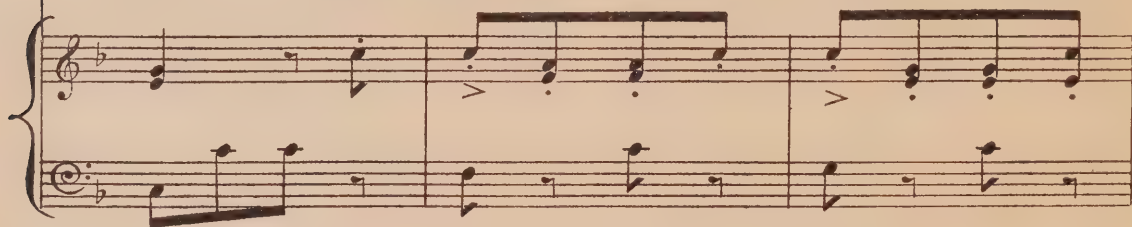


1. Dame Bab-ble is a chat-ter-box, She prates from morn till
 2. She talks a-bout her hens and chicks, And boasts a-bout the

PIANO



night, The neigh-bours all with news she stocks, For
 clothes, She's bought for her sweet chil-dren six, Her



scan-dal's her de-tight. And rat-ting, prat-ting,
 last new gown she shows. And rat-ting, prat-ting,



tat - tling, She goes with all her might, And
tat - tling, No rest her poor tongue knows, And

rattling, prattling, tat - tling, She goes with all her might, And
rattling, prattling, tat - tling, No rest her poor tongue knows, And

rattling, prattling, tat - tling, She goes with all her might.
rattling, prattling, tat - tling, No rest her poor tongue knows.

3. She says Dame Plumpton is too fat, Miss Skin-ner is too
 4. She talks a - bout her woes and joys, Her pigs and pick - led

mf

thin, She does not like Miss Thompson's hat, It
 pork, Till folks quite wea - ried by her noise, A - -

has red fea - thers in. So rat - tling, prat - tling,
 - way from her they walk. But rat - tling, prat - tling,

tat - - tling, Oh dear! the dread - ful din And
 tat - - tling, Still to her - self she'll talk, And

rattling, prattling, tat - tling, Oh dear! the dreadful din, And
 rattling, prattling, tat - tling, Still to herself she'll talk, But

rattling, prattling, tat - tling, Oh dear! the dreadful din,
 rattling, prattling, tat - tling, Still to her-self she'll talk.

ANGEL'S GREETING.

FOR ONE OR TWO VOICES. AD. LIB.

FRANZ ABT. OP. 517. N^o 7.

Moderato

VOICE. See now, see now, Stars the dark gloom

PIANO

pierc - ing, O'er thee shed their sil - v'ry light, their sil - v'ry

sostenuto.

light. Tho' the bound - less e - the - real space di -

vide thee, They will guide thee all through the drear-y

f *p*

night, They will guide thee all through the drear-y

p *dim*

night.

p

2. See now, see now, How yon star is twink - ling,
 3. See now, see now, How the stars are flash - ing,

On its beams so soft and clear, so soft and
 An - gels beck - on thee a - way, far, far a -

sostenuto.

clear, Guar - dian an - gels send thee ho - ly
 way, And their bea - cons bright they'll still keep

greet - ings, Thy sad heart and thy trembling soul to
burn - ing, Till o'er thee break - eth the long'd - for Dawn of

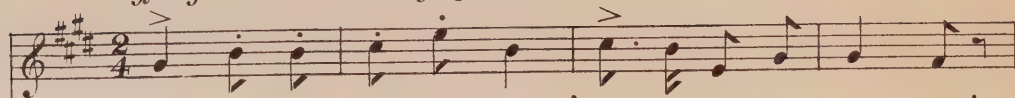
cheer, Thy sad heart and thy trembling soul to
Day, Till o'er thee break - eth the long'd - for Dawn of

cheer.
Day.

LAUGH, SING, JUMP!

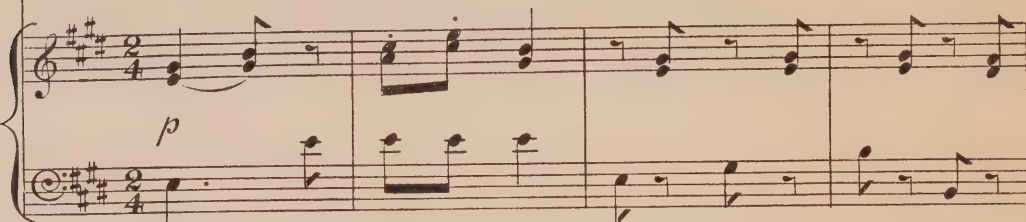
FRANZ ABT. OP. 517. N^o 8.*Playfully and moderately quick.*

VOICE.

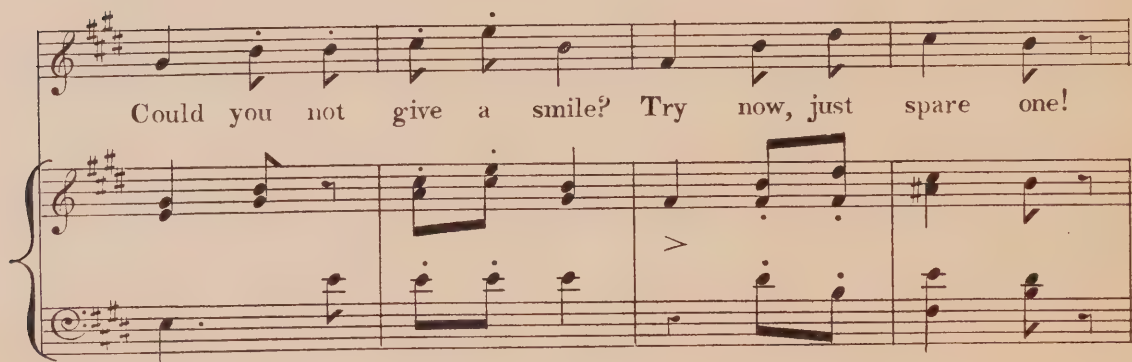


Liz - zie, how cross you look! 'Tis enough to scare one!

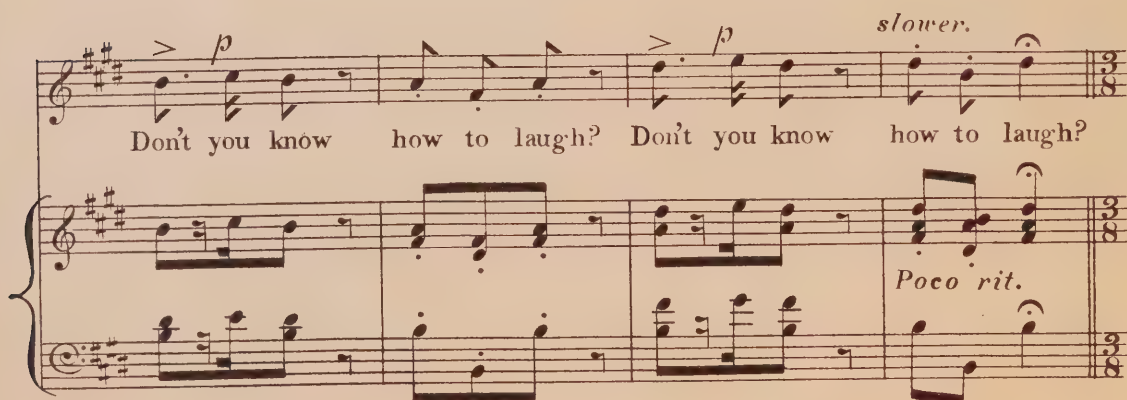
PIANO



Could you not give a smile? Try now, just spare one!



Don't you know how to laugh? Don't you know how to laugh?



Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! tra... la, la!

mf *fp* *fp*

2. Liz - zie, what still so cross, What am I to say now?
 3. See, see, she's laughing now, With us she will sing too.

p

Will you not come and sing, Or with us play now?
 Come, let us hap - py be, Laugh jump and spring too.

>

p *>* *p* *slower.*

Don't you know how to laugh? Don't you know how to laugh?
 Don't you know how to jump? Don't you know how to jump?

Poco rit.

LIVELY.

Tra la la la la,
 Folks jump on two legs!

Tra la la la, tra la la la,
 Tra la la la, tra la la la,

La, la, la, la, la,
 Folks jump on two legs,

tra, .. la, la!
 tra, .. la, la!

mf *fp* *fp*



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M Abt, Franz
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Music

